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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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Saturday, *January* 29, 1803.

The History of Perourou;

OR,

THE BELLOWS MENDER.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[*Translated from the French.*]

(CONTINUED.)

I WAS well aware that the event of this affair would be terrible for me; but still had not considered it in all its circumstances of horror. The engravers, in the whole course of their instructions to me, had been cautious of putting it into my power to discover them. They carried back with them what they had given us, and we remained like the spectator at a play, who after the illusion of some enchanting scene, sees the curtain fall, and the charm is gone. The unhappy Aurora had seen nothing of all this. The engraver had continued talking to her for some time after she was incapable of attending to him, and when they disappeared, she was in a state of insensibility. Judge then of the situation I was in, recollect that the instructions I had received, and the new kind of life I had led for a considerable time, had begot in me all that sensibility and delicacy of mind, the seeds of which had been sown in me by nature. Alas! in the critical moment I trembled at the thought of losing the woman I adored, as much as I dreaded the instant that should restore her to sensation. I paid her every fond attention, and sometimes almost wished they might have no effect. For awhile these criminal wishes seemed to be realized. At length, however, with all the assistance we could give her, Aurora came to herself again for a moment. With wild and frantic looks her eyes met mine.—" Monster!" she exclaimed, and instantly relapsed into her former condition. I took advantage of this second fainting fit, to remove from the scene the by-standers, consisting chiefly of women, whose tawny, withered, sun-burnt visages made them resemble Hecate's troop. I laid my groaning wife upon a little clean straw, on which was laid an old hair mattrass of my father's, which had been spread over it by one of the neighbours. Being come to herself, I signified to those about us we wanted to be alone, that I might have no witnessess of the painful confessions I found myself compelled to make.

When the crowd had separated I took Aurora in my arms; I held her to my heart, and bathed with my tears her cheeks. At length she opened her eyes; she fixed them on mine, and the look smote me with horror. The first words she uttered, were to request me, under pretext of sleep, which we both much wanted, to defer until the following day the frightful relation of the plot to which she had fallen a sacrifice. I yielded to her request, and retired, leaving her with the curate's neice, whose affectionate attention she seemed to receive with regard and pleasure.——How shall I describe the dreadful night which succeeded! Fallen from a respectable situation, money and opulence, into a miserable village which afforded no relief, having only a few louis left; and my wife, the adorable Aurora, in the first bloom of life and youth, accustomed to the pleasures of a circle of acquaintance, of which she was the brightest charm and ornament, now to find herself reduced, by a most accursed plot, to remain in the hut of a poor old man, respectable 'tis true, but in a state of the meanest indigence. As I knew myself to be the principal cause of all this misery and mischief, the accomplice in all the wrong and deception, what was I to do? How was it possible for me to sooth a heart thus wounded! I could not imagine that all my pofessions of attachment, or my fondest carresses could restore her to happiness. Such a presumption would have been madness. I saw the inevitable fatality of her destiny and my own. As for myself I had as yet experienced no reverse of fortune. Born in misery, I was habituated to every want; but my tortured heart, this heart of too much sensibility, announced that I should have yet to undergo the severest trials which fall to the lot of human nature. I should not only have to bear the cold indifference of the object in which I had found complete happiness, to find myself banished from a heart, whose affections supported my existence, and to read aversion in the eyes of a woman on the possession of whom the peace of my life and soul depended; but I had also the killing reflection that my punishment would not end merely in her hatred or indifference; but that contempt would render it more terrible. And further, I reflected that I should be considered an object of horror as well as contempt. Hated by her I almost worshipped, I should not even have the consolation of complaining, and no doubt remaining that the sting of a wounded conscience would close the period of my tremendous destiny. How many tormenting thoughts distracted me at once! Had I not been the sole cause of all Aurora's misfortunes? had I not thrown a shade over the brilliant horizon of her life? had I not enveloped her in a night of misery and misfortune? and was not I the wretch who had plunged the dagger into her bosom? Perhaps her only asylum must now be the grave. Perhaps her last breath may only be reserved to curse me; or if pity should induce her to grant me a generous pardon, her pity, and even her pardon, will be more excruciating to me than her

curses, and more bitter than the severest reproaches! Such were the terrible apprehensions which tortured my mind, and prevented me from enjoying that repose I so eagerly sought. At length, to make my situation still more gloomy, a deluge of rain overflowed the cross road which led to Montelimart, and rendered it impassable for several days. This prevented me from sending to that town, as I had intended, for a coach to convey Aurora to less mortifying lodgings.

It will naturally be supposed that I frequently enquired after my unfortunate companion. The answers I received were satisfactory; the attention I paid her had a return of something like complaisance. I was even given to know that I might be admitted to her the next day; that her mind shewed a firmness of character, a strength and courage, which in the shocking situation in which she stood, would astonish and confound her despicable enemies. All this information, which seemed to be attended with an air of mystery, did not add to my confidence of mind. This terrible next day brought terror and dismay along with it. This fatal interview seemed to me more dreadful than death, and I sought several pretexts to evade it, when the door of my room was thrown open, and the ever engaging Aurora made her appearance. I threw myself at her feet, and bathed one of her hands with my tears. She, for some time, looked steadily on me while in this humiliating posture; then, making me rise, she said to me with all the dignity of the most invincible pride of spirit, "You have deceived me; but remember that your pardon depends on your future conduct. If a single generous sentiment remains in your heart, if you are unwilling to consign me to new misfortunes, take care that you no longer assume the title you have ursurped. Madamoiselle ..... offers me a decent retirement in her uncle's house. I have accepted her offer, because it alike suits my situation and duty. You may come whenever you please; we will concert means of quitting this miserable place, and providing some resource for our future subsistence; leave to my honour the care of defending your own."

The man who loves is always sanguine. A single affectionate expression from the woman we love, is sufficient to calm all the trouble she may have occasioned. Notwithstanding the cold disdain of Aurora, I had confidence in the sincerity of her goodness, without reflecting that it would have been much more natural for her to load me with reproaches. For a few days I kept up some hopes of a pardon, and more than once I congratulated myself in having it in my power to plan some future mode of life, compatible with my ideas and views of conjugal love. Could any one have supposed that after so many tormenting circumstances of vexation the cruel woman had reserved one to which all the rest were nothing?

Eight days after my arrival at our cottage, I was awakened in the morning from delicious dreams of happiness, by my father, who reprimanding me for my sloth, put two letters into my hand. The hand writing of the address was unkown to me. The first I opened was from my friends at Lyons. "We are satisfied with your conduct," said they; "and having signally revenged ourselves of Aurora's haughtiness, it is no more than right that we should remember the acuteness and ability with which you have served our purposes. You were not made to continue among the class to which your birth seemed to devote you. We, therefore, with pleasure, offer the means of bettering your condition, without loading you with a weight of obligations, since we can be useful without prejudice to our own interests. Driven almost to desperation by resentment, you know that each of us sacrificed a thousand crowns to the execution of our plan. You hardly expended a third of this sum; the residue is deposited in the hands of M———, banker of this city, who will pay you on signing a simple receipt. The linens, laces, stuffs, and jewels, which had such an effect on the credulity of a selfish father, and the pride of an high-minded daughter, are also your own. Henceforward take care of Aurora. We made choice of you, in hopes we should not have to regret pushing our vengeance to exremity. If in future you should undertake any business, you may value yourself upon the credit, good will and support of your friends at Lyons."

Heavens! cried I, in an extacy of joy, half my trouble is vanished. I can now relieve the necessities of my worthy Aurora!

The next letter I opened was from her, and as follows: "Some small remains of pity which I still have for you, notwithstanding your treatment of me, pleads in your favour and leads me to inform you that by the time you have received this letter I shall be at the gates of Lyons. My view is to enter a nunnery, which shall forever free me from your odious presence. As an open and generous enemy, I forewarn you that you are to be brought from one tribunal to another, until one can be found which will do me the justice to break off my connexion with you, and punish the traitors who have been the authors of my ruin."

(To be continued.)

ON CONVERSATION.

"He speaks, and attention watches his lips;
"He reasons, and conviction closes his periods."

JOHNSTON.

ONE of the greatest enjoyments in life, is, *social conversation* with one or more sensible friends; where they mutually entertain each other, by a collision of minds.—It is a source of the greatest mental improvement, where there is a reciprocal exchange of ideas, and a communication of knowledge, intelligence and experience.

These rational advantages place us on a higher and more exalted footing than the brute creation, who are incapable of cogitation and converse, and pursue no object but food and rest.

It was the opinion of Dr. Johnson, that the origin of language must have come by inspiration—observing, that a thousand children could not invent a langnage—while the organs of speech are pliable, there is not understanding enough to form a language; and by the time the understanding is capable, the organs of articulation are become stiff.—'I mean,' says he, 'only that inspiration seems to be necessary to give a man the faculty of speech—to inform him that he may have speech—otherwise he could not find it out but by inspiration, any more than cows and hogs would think of such a faculty.'

It is very obvious, that we received no faculty or function, but for some particular purpose—for GOD made nothing in vain. The same reason, therefore, which enables us to enjoy each other in colloquial intercourse, also enables us in some measure, to enter into a silent conversation with GOD himself, in an enlarged veiw and contemplation of his works, and are thus called to witness his power, his justice, and his beneficent goodness.

It likewise appears evident, that this particular privilege, is a prelude to those celestial joys and future sources of knowledge, in the unlimited space of unconfined eternity—and which our reason, inspired with anxious hope, invites us to look forward to, with an ardent confidence.

Language, therefore, as well as reason, gives us a strong presumptive assurance of our connection with beings of a more perfect and elevated state, and that in the regions of bliss *this* sublime faculty will receive its highest cultivation.

That the angelic hosts in the mansions of

bliss, pass much of their time, and derive the chief source of their happiness and felicity from social intercourse of this kind, is not to be doubted.—The goodness, mercy, justice, and power of GOD, constitute an eternal theme of hallelujahs unto the LAMB which liveth for ever and ever. In such a state our powers and our faculties will be much enlarged, and rendered equal to the contemplation of a frabric so vast, and so various, in the association of this celestial society; so that we shall join with them in their reflections, their exercises, and in social and everlasting praises, with the concord and harmony of one happy family, chanting the sacred hymn to GOD.

The pleasure and transport, with which those celestial conversations must inspire, cannot be conceived by human nature. Paul saw what he could not describe, and what could not enter into the heart of man to conceive. The two apostles with whom our Savour joined in their way to Emaus, were struck with the interesting nature and sublimity of his conversation, and the beautiful manner in which he expounded the scriptures to them.—Behold, said they, how our hearts did burn within us.—It is also said, that GOD spoke as never *man* spoke; and that *his* thoughts are not as *our* thoughts.

There is something, therefore, in this social intercourse, of a divine nature—seeing that it is peculiar only to angels and men, and that, both in heaven and on earth, it is the medium and means of spiritual intercourse, of connection, and social praise and enjoyment, and will constitute a chief part of our future happiness.

If, therefore, social intercourse is of so much consequence to our present and future happiness, *what manner of conversation ought we to hold?* Reason and speech were given us for the most exalted and useful purposes—to express our wants—to describe our feelings—to offer our gratitude—to communicate our reflections—and to impart our experience and our counsel to each other, so as to contribute mutually to each other's comfort.

When we consider that we are always in the view and presence of that GOD, who knows the conceptions of the heart, before they can be uttered in language—how ought we to regulate our hearts, and bridle our tongues? If the presence of our superiors impresses awe and makes us cautious in what we say, how much more ought the conscious presence of GOD to influence our thoughts and conversations, seeing that we will have to account for them all at the last?

These reflections should ever actuate just as they would have a tendency to check that careless levity of mind, which delights in vicious and mean conversation. The mind derives its principal amusement, and also its improvement, from the pleasures of a rational entertainment of this kind—it is mental nourishment—the society and converse of men are more useful for acquiring a knowledge of the world and human nature than even books; for, from nature we learn it pure and from the fountain-head. He that mixes much with the world must know the world, and the materials of which it is made; but he that flies it is a coward, whose innocence will not excuse his pusillanimity and ignorance.

So strong is the influence of imitation, that the purity of our minds, the chastity of our hearts and the rectitude of our principles, receive all their various shades from the company we frequent; for, such as our company is, such will be our conversation, and such the general tenor of our thoughts, and the leading feature of our characters.

Men may in general be known by their familiar converſations—for, though habitual tendencies may be reſtrained by caution, yet none can be always on their guard—therefore, the predominant propenſity of the mind will appear ſo regularly and ſo often, as with eaſe to characteriſe the man.

A well informed man, however defective in his perſon, will always prove a pleaſant companion—he will cover the deformities of his body by the accompliſhments of his mind.

Lord Bacon obſerves, that whoever had any defect in his perſon that excited contempt, hath alſo a continual ſpur within, to reſcue and counterbalance it by ſome mental acquiſition.

Weak, vicious converſation, is both unprofitable, and degrading to the native dignity of the human mind; but the cuſtom of uſeing oaths in converſation, is a proof of real want of ſenſe and good-breeding—and highly indelicate in the company of women, who ought to hear no improper converſation of of any kind; eſpecially, ſuch as is of an obſcene or profane nature. Such a practice would tend to do away the native purity and delicacy of their feeling and virtue; in ſhort, it is an artful way to debauch their minds.

There is nothing ſo variable and changeable as common converſation: a wiſe man may conduct an intereſting converſation, but the youngeſt and moſt forward may give it a turn to a very different and trifling ſubject. Men like beſt to ſpeak on thoſe ſubjects, in which they are moſt informed—ſometimes this happens to be their profeſſion, religion or politics.

I have known converſations, where, in the courſe of an hour, a thouſand things have been ſtarted and deſerted.—Ghoſts and ſpectres form a favourite topic of converſation with the vulgar. Bad coughs and rheums are the ſubjects of the invalid, and the faſhions, and laſt aſſortment of the milliner's ſhop, with tranſitions to the muſic, the aſſembly-rooms, the play, &c. are commonly ſufficient to keep a moderate company of gay ladies, buſy in loquacious converſation—and an old lady can amuſe herſelf with the purring of her cat, and the ſmiles of her lap-dog.

In the advice of a celebrated writer to a loquacious talker, he ſays, "where the harm would be, of ſpending ſome diſcourſe, and beſtowing a little breath upon ourſelves, I cannot ſee: we might peradventure be leſs noiſy, and more profitable in company, if, at convenient times, we diſcharged ſome of our articulate ſounds, and ſpoke to ourſelves, *viva voce*, when alone."

I would therefore recommend it to all *verboſe babblers*, and forward ignorant young men, to temper the effuſion of their ideas by private reflection—to think for themſelves on every ſubject, and thus maturely form their opinions.—Before that a man can converſe with any ſatisfaction, he ought to have conſidered and formed his ſentiments upon every ſubject, which would ſave him the trouble of heſitating or ſpeaking doubtfully on ſubjects in converſation. But for young men to chat, and interrupt ſenſible converſation, who never beſtowed a moment's reflection on any ſerious ſubject, is impertinent. Converſation requires a preparation of the mind, which can be acquired only by ſtudy, reflection, and an experience of the world.—It is preſuming, therefore, for young men to be forward in converſing with their ſeniors, to whoſe knowledge and experience they add nothing. *When I was a child*, ſays the ſage, *I thought as a child, but when I became a man, I put away childiſh things*—by which he recommends it to all people, to act conſiſtently with their ages and their experience.

Nothing can recommend a young man more in company than an attention to what is ſaid by others, and a modeſt diffidence of himſelf, as it is the higheſt proof of his good

sense. Few young people are capable of joining in conversation, without offending, in some measure, by their positiveness, and their disposition to contradiction; and the aged hear with disgust, and receive with reluctance, the premature observations and undigested reflections of the inexperienced youth. Age and experience are always heard with respectful attention, and their sentiments universally receive a venerable sanction and weight, and it is painful for them to receive instruction, or exchange ideas with *youngsters*, who provokingly pretend, and assume a degree of knowledge, incompatible with their opportunities, their industry, their experience, and their years.

(To be Continued.)

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

THE venerable Kaliph Mahmoud Raif, before his spirit was received by the angel of death, concluded his farewell address to his beloved son, with the following injunction——"Ismael," said he, "take but *one* wife to thy bosom, but be careful that she is *perfectly beautiful*; if thou dost mistrust thine own judgment, seek the opinions of the sages of different countries, for wisdom is not confined within the narrow bounds of individual capacity." The weeping youth bended his body to the earth in token of his obedience, and the countenance of his aged parent was decked with the sweet smile of contentment, as his soul fled from its perishing habitation.

The youthful Ismael had long cherished the glowing passion of love for the virgin Zelma; virtue had shed its benign influence in her heart, but nature had formed her person in an angry mood, and rendered it a singular contrast to the beauties that graced her mind.

The words of the expiring Kaliph, however, remained indelibly fixed in the mind of his dutiful child, who resolved implicitly to obey his father's commands, although his attachment to Zelma was the source of many an involuntary sigh; but filial obedience triumphed over love, and he proceeded to the Khan, or Inn, in which the various inhabitants of the earth were assembled.

Ismael had scarcely made known the occasion of his visit, when the guests displayed to him the different ideas of beauty, entertained by their respective countries, and eagerly advised him to be guided by them in the choice of a bride. An Arab of the desert lavished encomiums on the women of his nation for blacking the edge of their eye-lids, which, he affirmed, rendered them complete beauties; a native of the Ladrone Islands, said, that beauty consisted in black teeth and white hair; an inhabitant of the province of Cumana, admired thin cheeks, a long visage, and extremely large eyes; a Chinese preferred small crippled feet; a Turk corpulency and large black eyes; a Greenlander the custom of painting the face blue or yellow; a Muscovite declared that a woman whose features were not loaded with paint, was perfectly hideous; and an Englishman allowed that the females of his country had adopted the opinion of the Muscovites!

Others of the company were preparing to offer their opinions, when an holy Dervich, with modest accent, addressed the young Kaliph:—"Mighty prince!" said he, "the most humble of your slaves wishes to lay his lowly mite of advice at your feet."——"Proceed, holy Dervich," replied Ismael. The venerable sage rejoined, "I have diligently studied the divine language of the Genii, and my endeavours have been crowned with success; this sacred volume contains the fruits of my toil; in this your wishes will be gratified."——The judge of the faithful eagerly seized the precious gift, and found written, in letters of gold—

"In Virtue alone is perfect Beauty!"

A YOUNG STUDENT's BALANCE OF HIS STUDIES.

IN A LETTER TO HIS FATHER.

SINCE our last exhibition, I have construed 2381 lines in Virgil, 262 in Terence, 564 in the Greek Testament, 48 lines in Marshall's Greek Epigrams, 122 in Xenophon, 6346 in Gil Blas, and 8081 in Marmontel's Tales; translated out of Latin and French, into English, 50 lines, and back again out of English into Latin and French, 50 lines; passed 2012, and scanned 196 lines; read 86 pages in Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, and 53 pages in the Elegant Extracts; wrought 364 sums or questions in Arithmetic, 17 Problems on the Globes, 7 on the Maps, and 5 in Geometry: have written 26 English and French letters, 135 lines of French Dictates, 15 of short hand, 527 lines of Latin, and 640 of French Exercises;—and learned by heart, 4334 lines of French, 390 of the Greek Grammar, and 6238 in the French Vocabulary;—also 16 pages of the Abridgement of the New Testament:—have repeated the most useful parts of the Accidence, 9 times, and the rules of Arithmetic 17 times;—I have likewise posted 86 entries in Book-keeping, and balanced 10 months trading, and composed 2 themes....for my diligence and success in all which employments, I have obtained credit 1190 times.

FROM THE BALANCE.

THE EXCHANGE OF TOBACCO FOR WOMEN.

VIRGINIA, so named, in honour of Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England, was the eldest sister among the British-American colonies: and she has never been scrupulous in claiming, from her younger sisters, the full amount of respect and homage, that belongs to seniority.—The first *effective* settlement of this "Ancient Dominion," as Virginia has been called, was in the year 1609; thirteen years before the settlement of Plymouth in New-England. The emigrants came over to Virginia, not by pairs, as the creatures went into the ark, but without wives and families: and were mere adventurers in quest of wealth, who determined, as soon as their fortunes should be made, to return to England. As this determination, carried into effect, might have been fatal to the colony, Sir Edwin Sandys, in order to attach the colonists to the soil, and to prevent their return, advised the Proprietors in England, to send them over a cargo of young women, and to exchange these necessaries of life for tobacco.—This prudent advice was followed: and accordingly, in the year 1620, ninety girls were sent to the Virginia planters at one time. A freight of sixty more was sent the next year. A species of commerce so highly advantageous was not declined by the planters. The love of *woman*, in this instance completely triumphed over sordid avarice, insomuch that files of gallant Virginians were to be seen, carrying down to the ship, with a hasty step, their bundles of tobacco, and, after making the exchange, conducting home their dear spouses. At first, the value of a wife was estimated at 120 pounds of tobacco: but as the sale of this precious commodity was rapid, the price soon rose to 150 pounds. Indeed it reflects no small degree of honour upon the generosity and gallantry of the planters, that they should voluntarily give such prices for their wives; especially when it is considered that King James of England, who was so bitter an enemy to smoking, that with his

own royal hand he wrote a book against it, had prohibited the Virginians from raising tobacco, beyond the annual quantity of 100 pounds each. Under these circumstances, the purchase of a wife, must have cost a planter 50 per cent. more than his whole tobacco crop, for a single year.

It would seem that some of the planters were under the necessity of purchasing their wives on credit; and in order to prevent evasions of payment, which otherwise might likely have happened, especially if they found themselves cheated in their bargains, the general assembly enacted, that "the price of a wife should have the precedence of all other debts, in recovery and payment, because (says the assembly) of all kinds of merchandize, this was the most desirable." In fact, though *bona fide* debts have not always been recoverable by law, in Virginia; yet, in this instance of "the most desirable kind of merchandize," the legislature, much to its honour, solemnly ordained that, in case of the purchase of a wife on credit, the purchaser should pay the tobacco, even to the last ounce, that he had contracted to give for her.

The memory of such a remarkable piece of history as I have been relating, ought, I think, to be perpetuated by some public monument. As wool is the *staple* of Britain, and the prime source of its wealth, it has been a custom, time out of mind, for the first Lord of the treasury to sit upon a wool-sack: and with equal, if not greater propriety, might the speaker of the Virginia assembly be seated upon a sack of tobacco; seeing this odoriferous plant has not only been the staple of commerce, in the ancient dominion, but also the basis of population.

ZENO.

Extracts,—by a Reader.

NUMBER IV.

THE AMOURS OF COUNT VESSELINI.

AN ANCIENT STORY.

"It's love that calls and glory leads the way."

"They love tho' they ne'er seen one another,
"When love and glory meet its then."

C. S. T.

COUNT Vesselini commanded some troops for the emperor Ferdinand the III. in Hungary, and was governor of the forts in the neighbourhood of Muran. That place, the theatre of the Count's glory, and love's power, belonged to George Rahoczi, prince of Transylvania, who at that time warred with the emperor. Some good genius still drew the Count towards Muran, though he indeed did not think himself strong enough to form any design to surprize it. One time among the rest, he lay all night in an adjoining hamlet, and found himself awakened by the voice of a tall old man, who, laying his hand on his breast, said unto him, "general Vesselina, think seriously upon the conquest of Muran; know that thou mayest take it by the assistance of a widow that liveth at present in the city." As soon as this phantom disappeared, he started up astonished, and the noise that he made awakened some officers who lay in the chamber; they searched all the rooms, but found nothing. In the mean time, the words he had heard stuck continually in his mind, his imagination admitted no other idea than that of the old man pointing to Muran, and this was the subject of all his dreams. It was only then that the attempt appeared easy to him, but in the day time he retracted all the resolutions he had taken up during his sleep, and confessed that Muran was impregnable; yet the remembrance of the widow returned to torment him with new inquietudes,—he loves though he hath never seen her, and knows neither her person, quality, or age.

This vision continuing to disquiet him for several days, he blocked up the passages into Muran so carefully, that he made himself master of a considerable number of prisoners; he was inspired to examine one among the rest, who told him that he was domestic servant to Mary Secshi, widow of Stephen Bethlem, brother to Bethlem Gabor, prince of Transylvania. This name astonished him as soon as it was pronounced, and he assured himself that this was the person he loved; a secret joy inspired him with hopes; he caressed the man, and made him a present of an hundred crowns, and gained him so completely that he promised to deliver his mistress a letter, which the Count instantly wrote. The importance of the place obliged the governor to use extraordinary precautions, so that it was necessary to hide this letter very carefully, lest it should be discovered, the custom being to search all that entered the town. For this reason the Count bethought himself of a stratagem; he made up the letter into a little ball, which he covered over with wax, and because it was the season of fruits, he put it into a melon, in the bottom of a basket full of other melons, which this servant carried to the castle of Muran, as if he had brought them from one of his mistress's country houses. To take away all suspicion, he gave some of them to the corps de guards, he carried others for a present to some ladies, relations of Mary Secshi, and then with a trembling step, he went to present the rest to the lady herself, and told her in a low voice, that in one of these melons was inclosed a letter from General Vesselini.

That name which ought to have astonished, did not at all surprise her, although she had never seen, nor heard of him, but as the enemy of her prince—She knew not that he was a widower, nor of what age he was, yet as if love had in a moment rendered her an accomplice of his design, she was well pleased with the letter. She enjoined the man silence, and entered into her closet to satisfy her curiosity; scarce had she read it over, when she found her fidelity to her prince, betrayed by favourable inclinations to Vesselini, and in a little time dispatched one of her gentlemen, whose fidelity she had proved, with an answer.—The messenger was very welcome, the Count caressed him extremely, and as presents have a particular charm in that country, he gave him two hundred crowns, with a promise of as much more, if he would negociate an interview between his mistress and him. The affair succeeded according to his desire. Mary Secshi appointed him to come with seven followers, to a wood near a small brook that washed the foot of the hill of Muran, where she should be, (under pretence of taking the diversion of fishing) with an equal number of attendants. The Count was first upon the place, with six gentlemen only; abandoning the counsels of reason, for those of love; or rather the force of his destiny, drew him thither, and promised him security in the midst of so many dangers.

(To be Continued.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

In reading the Travels of Anacharsis, *by the* Abbe Barthelemi, *I was struck with the beauty of the following passage; its republication would oblige*

A SUBSCRIBER.

"PRUDENCE, always conducting itself by wise and good motives, and each virtue requiring perseverance, many actions which seem worthy of commendation, lose all their value when we investigate the principle that produced them. Some expose themselves to great dangers from the hope of great rewards; others through fear of censure. These men are not courageous; take ambition from the one, and shame from the other, and they will probably prove arrant cowards.

"The man who is hurried away by revenge, is not courageous; he is a wild boar rushing on the spear that has wounded him. Nor is that appellation to be bestowed on those who are agitated by unruly passions, and whose courage takes fire and extinguishes with them.—Who then is the courageous man?—he who, influenced by good and wise motives, knows the danger, fears it,—yet bravely hastens to meet it."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following essay is said to have been written by a Student of Princeton College, and has since been spoken there as an Oration. It has not, I believe, been published. If you think it will afford any amusement to your readers, it is at your service.

Your's, &c.

PHILADELPHUS.

ON PATRIOTISM.

NO virtue is more highly entitled to our esteem and veneration than PATRIOTISM. Next to the love of the Supreme Being, the ardent disinterested love of our country is the highest stretch of virtue. The man who can abandon ease, quiet, and the peaceful enjoyments of domestic life, to embark in the service of his country, deserves from that country the rewards of virtue. From all these the followers of party are far removed; they wish not to benefit their country;—her good makes no part of theirs. They wish not to promote the interests of their fellow-citizens, but to raise themselves on the ruin of their rivals. The history of the republics of *Greece* and *Rome* will afford us many instances of this truth. We see men who set out in their career of life, with every wish to promote the interest of their country, counteracted in their benevolent intentions by some furious demagogue, who, taking advantage of their ignorance, leads them on to the destruction of whatever is good, great or virtuous. In the days when SOCRATES, in all the mildness of wisdom, taught the Athenians the precepts of virtue and philosophy, envy and malice, calling to their aid ignorance and blind superstition, present him, as the reward of his exertions, not the crown of glory, or the laurel of renown, but the *bowl of poison*. By such men as usually govern a party, the sight of that virtue which they possess not themselves, is not to be endured. Hence the virtuous, the just ARISTIDES, was ignominiously banished by those whom he would have saved. When the god-like CAMILLUS raised his arm to save his country from destruction, a base designing few were able to strip him of his honours, and cast him, a wretched outcast, on the world. When CICERO, in the beautiful strains of eloquence, called on his countrymen to rouse from their lethargy, and save their country,—did they hear? Alas! no!—before the rude blasts of party what virtue can stand?—he, too, was swept away in its furious course. Need I pain you, by picturing the scenes that ensued....Not to you, but to those who pursue the same course, would I speak. I behold the once fertile plains of Italy now desolate and forlorn. The Forum where TULLY spoke in strains of eloquence divine, in Freedom's holy cause, now resounding with the fierce cabal of party rage and fanaticism. The mild genius of Liberty has fled,—the growling demon of Revenge has succeeded,—the voice of Murder shrieks aloud. I behold her noblest citizens slaughtered with unrelenting fury. The shades of BRUTUS, and of CASSIUS, of CATO, and of CICERO, glide, in melancholy order, o'er the scene. But the scenes are obscured by blood,—I can behold them no longer....Thus two opposite parties, prey on the vitals of their country, and by their mutual efforts consume her glory.

HISTORICAL MEMORANDUM.

GONSALVO, who was Lieutenant General to the Spanish General, the Marquis of Spanola, and Governor of Milan, in 1624 intending to take possession of a little walled village in the Palatinate, called Ogarsheim, dispatched an officer at the head of some troops on that errand. On the first alarm, nine-tenths of the inhabitants removed to Masheim, leaving behind them about twenty insignificant people, and a poor shepherd, who, besides being a brave fellow, was a man of humor. The shepherd in due time fastened the gates, let down the draw-bridge, and made a wonderful shew of resistance. A trumpeter summoned the village in form, upon which the few inhabitants that remained made their escape thro' a postern gate, and left only the shepherd and his wife. This unaccountable peasant, in the stile of the representative of a garrison, gave audience from the walls, to the military herald, and made his terms of capitulation inch by inch, stipulating at the same time, for the preservation of the state, and the free exercise of the Protestant religion.—Imagine therefore, what must be the surprise of the Spaniards when they entered the village and found it defended by only him and his wife! Yet the droll peasant preserved the muscles of his countenance inflexible; and some weeks afterward he desired the great Gonsalvo to stand godfather to his child; which honour the pompous Spaniard could not decline, but on the contrary sent her some very valuable presents.

ANECDOTES.

IN or about the year, 1795, a clergyman in Ireland espied, in a poor labourer's garden, ten bee-hives; tenacious of his tythes, he exclaimed, "John, so you have got ten bee-hives, one I claim as my right, as rector of the parish, see you bring it to my house." The man shortly after took it, and on his arrival at the rector's was ordered to carry it into the garden:——"No," says he, "where's my master?" On being shewn into the parlour, where the *Rev. Divine* sat, "Here," said he, "I've brought you your bees, but the hive's mine, for I gave two and twenty pence for it," He then shook out the bees, comb, &c. from the hive, and carried it with him; leaving the parson to make the best he could of the industrious and enraged insects!!

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A certain General, more famous for his love of money than of religion, was taken dangerously sick: during his confinement, he was informed that a person who owed him a considerable sum had absconded: this information threw him into a violent passion; and although apparently about to leave the world, it did not restrain him from dealing out curses on his runaway creditor. In the height of his rage, a friend entered, and seeing him in such a situation, inquired the cause. Why, said he, my estate is ruined; he has run off, and gone to hell I suppose, and owes me an hundred dollars, of which I shall not get a farthing. Be not uneasy on that account, said the other, you will probably soon have an opportunity to dun him *there*.

—

A Gentleman who had been sometimes rallied by his wife for getting *tipsey*, came home one evening with a glass rather much. Madam said some smart things to him on

the occasion; but on going to bed he had some difficulty in getting his breeches off, and had to balance himself on one foot for the purpose—"You said I was drunk, my dear," said he, "but you see I can stand on one foot yet, while I take off my small-clothes."—"Ah, my dear," replied she, "that only proves that you can act the *goose* both drunk and sober."

A late Auctioneer, not well versed in the classics, was selling a lot of Books, and among others, an Encyclopedia; on handing it out, he said "Gentlemen, I now offer you a *larned* book, on the arts and sciences, it is written by one *Ensign Clodpole*; I don't know who he is, but suppose him to be a French officer."

GONE TO POT!

THE Captain of a vessel lying in the river wishing to give his crew a treat, on a rejoicing day, left two sons of Hibernia to take care of the ship, and told them they might have a double allowance of grog, but cautioned them against firing a gun, except there was reason to apprehend some great danger. This they promised; but after enjoying a hearty dinner, together with the perfumes of the liquor, one of them proposed to have a *shoot to themselves*, which the other objected to, as it would make a great noise—but the most fertile in invention, said he could prevent that, and immediately placed the *iron pot*, used for cooking, on the mouth of the gun, and seating himself across it, held by the ears, to prevent its flying off! He then requested his messmate to *shoot easy*—But the sound was heard by the Captain and crew, who hastened on board, and inquired the reason of the alarm. "Murphy, and I," answered Pat, "had a mind to have a bit of a shoot to ourselves,"—"Where is Murphy?" said the captain.—"Where is Murphy?" replied the Irishman, smiling and scratching his head, "did not you meet him now? faith *he's just gone ashore in the iron pot!*"

MADRIGAUX.

EN riant, la jeune Isabelle
Me défia de la baiser;
Enfin, à force de ruser,
J'en viens à bout, je m'en vante. Oh, dit-elle,
De ton adresse à tort t'applaudis-tu,
Compte que je l'ai bien voulu.

*** *A Translation is requested.*

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Solution to David Smith's *Mathematical Question, page* 31.

LET $2x$=differ. of the two legs; $2b$(=14) their sum, and $a=b+(,75)$ the excess of the hypothenuse above the base; then will $b+x=AC$; $b-x=BC$; and $a+x=AB$. Put (by the 47. El. 1,) the sum of the squares of the two legs=the square of the hypothenuse, and x^2-2ax will $=a^2-2b^2$: hence $x\ (=a-\sqrt{2a^2-2b^2})=3.0463+$: consequently $AB=10.7963$: $AC=10.0463$, and $BC=3.9537$. SCIOLUS.

Solution to W. C.'s *Nautical Question page* 31.

W. C.'s Nautical Question is taken from page 345 of H. Wilson's Navigation; but so badly copied, as to be unintelligible.—He says the "wind perpetually blows from *A* to *B*," and that the vessel "sailed according to the direction of the wind," from *A* to *E*; ergo, *A* and *E* are different names for the same place. But if W. C. on re-examining the lake, should find that the wind blows from *A*; but not to *B*; then, having sailed with the wind to *E*, let him keep it on the beam when he sets out for *B*, and, if there be any truth in the 31st of the 3d of Euclid, he will gain his port.

As W. C. is undoubtedly every inch a *seaman*, I would advise him to quit paddling on *lakes*, where seldom any thing better than a wood-shallop or fish-boat, is to be met with; and try his fortune on the voyage mentioned in the following

QUESTION.

Suppose a ship of war sets out from Philadelphia at the rate of 10 knots per hour, on a direct cruize to the moon, and increases her rate of sailing every where in proportion as her weight, with respect to the earth, decreases; to find in what time she will perform the voyage, admitting the distance to be 237,600 miles?

SCIOLUS.

PHILADELPHIA,

JANUARY 29, 1803.

FIRE AT BOSTON.

Mr. Bowen's Museum, at Boston, containing a valuable collection of natural curiosities, was entirely consumed by fire on the 15th inst. besides other property to a considerable amount.

Capt. *Moses Woodward*, owner and master of the sloop Amity, belonging to Portsmouth, N. H. on his passage from Grenada, to Georgetown, S. C. within two days sail of that port, was unfortunately lost.—A heavy gale of wind commencing on the 8th of December, he took the helm—the tiller rope parted, by the stroke of a heavy sea, and he was knocked overboard—the mate threw him a rope, which he took hold of, and endeavoured to get on board—but his exertions proved fruitless.

[*Relf's Gazette.*

Number of Houses built in Philadelphia, during the last year.

East & West-streets.	Br.	Fr.	*North & South streets.*	Br.	Fr.
Callowhill-street,	1	4	Water street,	4	0
Vine do.	2	0	From Vine to South-street. Front do.	3	0
Race do.	6	0	Second do.	7	0
Arch do.	3	0	Third do.	4	0
Market do.	8	3	Fourth do.	8	0
Chesnut do.	27	5	Fifth do.	16	0
Sansom do.	12	0	Sixth do.	19	0
Walnut do.	13	0	Seventh do.	2	0
Spruce do.	19	2	Eighth do.	6	0
Union do.	5	0	Ninth do.	13	0
Pine do.	14	3	Tenth do.	6	9
Filbert do.	3	1	Eleventh do.	4	1
Lombard do.	5	9	Twelfth do.	3	1
Locust do.	6	2	Elbow lane	5	0
Gaskill do.	6	0	Shively's alley	6	0
Church alley	4	0			
Norris's do.	6	0		106	11
Cherry do.	4	0		144	29
	144	29		250	40

Northern Liberties, from Ninth-street to the one mile stone,	59	53		
Southwark, including South street and all the built parts south,	23	18		
City west of Twelfth street,	6	15		
			88	86
			338	126

Total 338 Brick—126 Frame.

[*Relf's Gazette.*

☞ The above enumeration was obtained by a gentleman of this city, and may be depended upon as correct.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. M'Clasky, Mr. *William Peters*, of Delaware county, to the amiable Miss *Elizabeth Calhoun*, of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 10th inst. Mr. *Martin Bernard*, of this city, hatter, in the 35th year of his age, after a short and painful illness, which he bore with the most Christian fortitude.

——, on the 23d inst. at his lodgings in Sixth street, in his 23d year, Mr. *William B. French*, a gentleman from Ireland. He had been spoken to that morning about 8 o'clock by a gentleman who slept in the same room, to whom he replied in his usual manner, and without appearing to be under the influence of any complaint; upon the gentleman's return to the room, which he had quitted but for about the space of one hour, he found him without any symptoms of life—medical aid was exerted for his recovery, but without effect.

——, on the 24th inst. in the 83d year of her age, Mrs. *Mary Harrison*, relict of Henry Harrison, esq. formerly of this city, merchant.

☞ *Want of room prevents us from noticing sundry communications received this week.*

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN, —

I am sensible that the enclosed stands in need of some apology, and more so with the Critic than with the Christian. The first I am not able to please; and, from the nature of the subject, I trust the last will not be displeased. You will readily perceive how humble is the essay, since 'tis but an echo of my correspondent's attempt. Should it, however, be honored with a place in your useful Repository, I shall endeavour to deserve the favour, by sending something better in future. ALEXIS.

—

HOPE AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

GREAT Source of mercy, love!
Thou All-sufficient Good!
My Hope and Confidence
Are fix'd on Thee alone;
No other being in the universe
Can satisfy the wishes of my soul.

All pleasures I have prov'd
That this poor earth cou'd yield;
And tho' to ev'ry sense
They sweet and grateful were;
Yet did satiety, disgust and care,
Close follow, and surcharge my breast with woe.

Life's cup embitter'd thus,
With grief and tears, I drank;
But oh! the nauseous draught
Soon sicken'd nature's taste:
I turn'd to Thee, and sought *Salvation's* stream,
Whence life and youth, and bliss eternal flow.

And now a ray of Hope
Shoots thro' the tristful veil
Of melancholy gloom
That had involv'd my pow'rs,
Which bears me, from the perfidy of men,
To the Supreme, whose goodness knows no change.

In Him my soul confides;
His promises are sure:
Centred in Him, my hopes
Shall all with love be crown'd—
Elate beyond the jarrings of the world,
Calm Resignation suns me with her smiles.

All bliss a soul can prove
Expectantly, I wait—
The bliss Heav'n has in store,
Already mine I see;
And, when Time's choicest goods shall sink in dust,
This shall begin, and ever live and bloom.

Then, what to me are all
The idle joys I sought,—
Wealth, Grandeur, Honor, Pomp?—
Mere signs of wretchedness!
On which th' ETERNAL GOD has large inscrib'd,
In energetic language....VANITY!

Ye Vanities of life,
Ye tempting, cheating train,
Where's your delusion now?
And what is your amount?
Thrown in the scale where Heav'n's rich blessings are,
How light your goods! *how lying are your charms!**

My spirit upward soars,
And more true pleasure finds
In GOD contemplating,
Than thousand worlds could give;
And, 'till releas'd from this abode of woe,
Her Hope and Confidence are fix'd on him.

And when His will ordains
T' alarm the slumb'ring earth,
Resign'd she'll be compos'd
While Horror rages round;
For then her *Hope* looks to His promises,
And *Confidence* assures her GOD IS TRUE.

* *Thompson.*

THE FARMER's WINTER-NIGHT.

HEARD ye not the north wind blow
Hoarsely thro' the crannied wall?
Heard ye not the * fire tread snow?
That portends it soon will fall:
See our cows to shelter fly—
Sure the hoary storm is nigh.

Thomas! did you fodder well?
Are the sheep penn'd in the fold?
My good lad take care of † Nell,
Guard her safely from the cold;
For she yields her milky store
Enough for all of us—ay more.

There's Jenny too, our bright-bay mare,
Dear soul she went ten miles this day;
See that you litter her with care,
And fill her rack with clover hay:
Then when you've done trip homeward light,
For we shall have a dance to night.

Our neighbour Prim, and daughter fair,
With rosy Bell and pretty Jane,
And soft-ey'd Peggy, will be here
To lead forth blithe the festive train:
Beaux we will have—for girls, you know,
Enjoy no fun without a beau.

Here, here they come!—Well lads, what news?
Have you brought fidler Jack along?
Ah me! poor Bell has torn her shoes,
She can't join with the mirthful throng;
But never mind, Bell, we'll sit by
And keep each other company.

Dame! you and I will seat us here,
For we can't dance—tho' once we could
As well as they—Come, sup some beer,
'Tis wholesome stuff, both sound and good.
Madge! bring some ‡ cookee, I like cheer,
Especially when friends are here.

Dame! don't you mind the happy day
When we first met on Gaffer's plain?

* *This is a common observation with the country people, and likewise citizens, that when the fire, in winter time, makes a cracking noise, similar to that made by a person's treading in the snow, a snow storm is at hand.*

† *The name of a cow.*

‡ *The name given to cake by the inhabitants of New-York and New-Jersey.*

Oh! how I gaz'd the time away—
Methinks I see thee young again.
Those eyes still ply their busy part—
That look!—yes, sure it stole my heart.
But lo! the country-dance is done!
What! quit so soon? so soon give o'er?
O girls you had not any fun:
Come try a reel upon the floor—
But first young Jane shall sing a song—
My fav'rite, Jane—you know 't's not long.

SONG.

1.

A Sailor's is a dang'rous life,
So full of toil, so full of strife;
And then (hard to be borne)
From his poor wife he's long away,
And oft she mourns throughout the day—
Perhaps he'll ne'er return.

2.

I'll ne'er a roving sailor wed,
A farmer is the lad for me:
In glow of youth, by wisdom led,
And blest with meek sobriety.
If such a swain should be my lot,
Well pleas'd I'd tye the marriage knot.

Well done, sweet Jane, that's worth a kiss;
And if you e'er incline to wed,
May you prove nought but heav'n-born bliss;
May blessings show'r upon your head....
Come, Dame, sleep has bedimm'd my sight, —
God bless you all, dear friends,—Good night.

FLORIO.

VERSIFICATION

Of the XVIIIth Psalm, from the 7th to the 16th verse.

With fear, with awe and reverence I sing,
The greatness of the world's ETERNAL KING;
Whose voice, from nothing bade the world arise;
Who rules o'er all on earth, and in the skies.

—

In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God; he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into ears. PSALM 6.

THE earth then trembling to its centre shook,
And all the hills the awful shock partook;
For dreadful was the anger of the Lord,
And all creation fear'd his pow'rful word.
Lo! from his nostrils smoky volumes came,
While from his mouth went forth devouring flame—
He spoke, descended, (lo! the heaven's bent;)
And 'neath his feet an awful darkness sent.
Enthron'd upon a cherub's wings he rode,
And on the wing'd blast flew th' ALMIGHTY GOD;
He bade thick shades his awful form enfold,
Tempestuous clouds, and waters 'round him roll'd,
Sublime, majestic, awful to behold.
Before him clouds on clouds aspir'd around,
Veiling the glories which his throne surround:
Hoarse thunders roll'd tremendous thro' the skies,—
Creation, trembling, heard JEHOVAH's voice;
While all around terrific lightnings gleam'd,
And fire and hailstones from the heavens stream'd.
Then the vast ocean left its ancient bed,
And the world's base expos'd to view was laid....
'Twas done—for Thou, JEHOVAH, did'st command,
And all the world's as nothing in thy hand.

CARLOS.